The Trumpets sound. *Dumbe show followes.*

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her: he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prologue.*
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a ring?

Ophe. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ere ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For

For women feare too much, euen a
And womens feare and loue hold
Either none, in neither ought, or i
Now what my Lord is proofe hath
And as my loue is ciz'st, my feare is
Where loue is great, the litlest dou
Where little feares grow great, gr

King. Faith I must leaue thee
My operant powers their functio
And thou shalt liue in this fare w
Honord, belou'd, and haply one a
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.
Such loue must needes be treason
In second husband let me be accu
None wed the second, but who k
The instances that second marria
Are base respects of thrift, but no
A second time I kill my husband
When second husband kisses me

King. I doe beleeue you think
But what we doe determine, oft
Purpose is but the slaue to meme
Of violent birth, but poore validi
Which now the fruite vnripe stic
But fall vnshaken when they mel
Most necessary tis that we forge
To pay our selues what to our sel
What to our selues in passion we
The passion ending, doth the pur
The violence of either, griefe, or
Their owne ennactutes with the
Where ioy most reuels, griefe do
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slende
This world is not for aye, nor ti
That euen our loues should with
For tis a question left vs yet to p
Whether loue lead fortune, or el
The great man downe, you mark

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